

but we will no longer be restrained from giving the bread of life to those who hunger for it; we will not be obliged to hold our hands, and give instruction, late in the evening, when the negroes are tired and worn out; we will have the children in our schools, and no one can forbid them to come. "You feel rejoiced," the negroes often say to me: "You feel rejoiced with us, as though you were to be made free!" The oppression of slavery is something terrible!"

The Moravians, in view of the emancipation, feel the necessity of having more schools and more native assistants. It is an encouraging circumstance that there already is, at Beekmantown, a Normal School for the training of native teachers, which will, no doubt, be speedily enlarged. Perhaps the efforts which will be made by the Moravians will be sufficient for preaching to and teaching all the negroes of the colony. If not, their wants, we hope, will attract the attention of the benevolent of this nation. In their moral and social progress, just at this time, the whole Christian and civilized world will feel the profoundest interest; for every unfavorable report that, rightly or wrongly, may be given of their condition, would be received with joy by all the enemies of human freedom in this country who have loathed this land in blood, or sympathize with those who have done so; and the African race may still be held in hopeless bondage.

A SLAVE-PEN BROKEN UP.

We copy from the *Evening Post* the following portion of a deeply interesting letter from Baltimore:

"The release of the slaves of the rebel General Stuart from a slave-pen in Pratt street, in this city, was attended by some interesting incidents. Colonel Baring having applied for authority to visit the slave and confiscate Stuart's property, and on that effect arrived yesterday, and in the afternoon the Colonel proceeded to the prison, showed his order, entered, and locking the doors behind him, entered the cell-yard first, then visited the cells. In this place sixty persons were confined, some of them having been there over three years. To be imprisoned there, without ever being allowed to visit the outer world, to forget almost what trees and flowers and green fields were, to be deprived even of the cool breeze of heaven, was a punishment enough; but that was worse than this. The ball, the chain, the shackles were not wanting to make the lives of these poor creatures more miserable. Sixteen men were bound together with shackles at the ankles, others were chained two by two, and one old man had his legs fastened together by shackles connected by chains bound to his waist. The poor wretches were all terribly frightened when called up by the Colonel. They thought he had come to buy them, and take them off South, as it seems they have been kept there by their masters to await either peace and the Union as it was, or a good ransom to be paid to the South. They were soon reassured, however, and a blacksmith having been sent for, the chains and shackles were speedily removed.

"When the chain fell from the ankles of the old man, he lifted up his eyes and hands, and exclaimed, 'Thank God!' The expression was simple, but its tone revealed the suffering of the despair of months. When told they were to go out and be free, they could not believe it at first, but when assured again and again that it was so, a simultaneous shout of gladness went up, which must have made the angels rejoice, and 'God bless you, massa! God Almighty bless you! The Lord bless you, massa!' were the blessings freely showered upon the man, who, scarcely less happy than they, tried to make them understand that they owed their release to the Government. They listened and assented, but still evidently looked upon the Colonel as their deliverer, after all. The Colonel says, 'I shall never forget them. Their joy found vent, with the men, in prayers and ejaculations of praise, with the women in tears and embraces of each other.

"Finally, the Colonel told them they must get ready to go out. Then they fairly flew to their cell for their bags and banners. And the Colonel told it with a smile—even in this supreme moment, womanly vanity (shall we so call a laudable self-respect?) showed itself. He could see them smoothing their hair, putting on little articles of finery, and otherwise 'prettifying up,' before their bits of looking-glass. It was not many minutes, however, before they all came down, and were met by men, women and children, into the free—to them doubly free-air.

"They were taken to the recruiting office in Camden street, and here another most affecting scene took place. The news of the opening of the prison had spread like wildfire, and the office and pavements in front were crowded with colored people, many of whom now met friends and relatives for the first time for three years. Well, I must not make my letter too long. Suffice it that they rejoiced supreme, and when the Colonel asked, 'Now, what is to be done with these people for the future?' the most generous hospitality was liberally tendered. After seeing them all provided for, and enlisting sixteen able-bodied men in the service, the Colonel returned to camp, feeling that the blessing of heaven would be upon the work he had that day done.

"In the evening, one of the lieutenants, talking with the new freedmen, asked them if they knew the person who liberated them. 'No,' answered one, 'we don't know him, but we know that God sent him!' 'Yes,' echoed the rest: 'God sent him!—God sent him!'

"Thus you see, the hand-breadth-cloth the sages feared is spreading. The Colonel hopes soon to open every slave-pen in Baltimore, and through God's grace and the strong arm of the Government, they shall never be used as such again."

The *Springfield Republican* regrets this act, and observes:

"A slave-pen is a monstrous institution, as is slavery, but it is legal in Maryland, and it does not appear by what law, military or other, these United States officers override the laws of Maryland. Such acts ignore the cause of emancipation in the State, and provoke hostility to the general Government."

By what law? By the law of God, of course. Birney is a *Doctor utriusque juris*.

When Seymour, in his sorry plight, Unfurled his banner to the night, He chose the same sky for his night, And 'hered' each ray of glory there.

Then from his kennel, mid the scum, He bade his banner-bearer come, And gave into his reckless hand The sword to slay his native land.

Such was the travesty of Drake's "American flag," that rang through our brain when Gov. Seymour's remonstrance with and complaints to the President concerning the draft sang over the telegraph wires. What would the wise Governor have? Another mob? Another cruel, fiendish outbreak against the good and noble, and good-looking, and the weak? Another sack of such homes as the Gibbons? Another fiery onslaught against forlorn children? Another belch of sheaf of murders of frightened negroes, who, fancying they had fled from the house of bondage into a city of refuge, found there a smooth, bland "gentleman" (?) to slip the leash of his bloodhounds upon their necks for destruction? By distasteful appeals to passion and prejudice, (the prejudice of color and of race) the slums of New York were stirred. The fifth bubbled to the surface in that seething political caldron of damnable ingredients. Up from gutters, and brothels, and gambling halls, and grog-shops, and the haunts of thieves—up from the rat-hole of pollution,—up from the hiding-places of infamy,—came the horrid crew of Mr. Seymour's constituents; and when the raging, blood-thirsty mob stood before the land, smooth "gentleman" (?) with their imperious, insulting demands, what did sweet, kind, amiable Mr. Seymour do? Instead of answering those demands with an emphatic "No" from a cannon's mouth, he stood before his "reasonable constituency" "roaring as gently as any sucking dove." "I will endeavor to have this draft stopped!" "I will endeavor to cripple the Government, which oppresses so cruelly our dear Southern brethren!" "I will endeavor to bring into power the Democratic party, with a good sound copperhead!"—and so, looking across that gulf of death and destruction yawning before him to swallow up the defenceless, he sent his wretched army to pillage and plunder, to murder and destroy.

And, after all this, we read this morning of his petty cavils at the draft, and his request for the suspension of it "till its constitutionality is tested" for good! This, then, is Mr. Seymour's patriotism! This! When blow after blow has fallen with stun-

ning weight on the rebels; when victory after victory has knocked at their frightened hearts, and found the word "surrender" in their doors; when our noble soldiers are broiling in iron-clads around Charleston; when Western harvest fields are red with their blood; when the broad Mississippi flows free at last from traitor thraldom, and goes singing to the sea its glad song of deliverance, bearing, as its best treasure, that sacred blood, to give it to the broad Gulf, that the Gulf may send it to the broader ocean, till all the world shall find the seeds of freedom scattered broadcast by the restless waves; when now loyal masses of fresh troops, rallying to our standard, might remove all need of further bloodshed, and end the war; in this grand hour, Mr. Seymour stands up, and palters over the constitutionality of the draft! Thus does this great man show his loyalty to our Government, and his love for its defenders. Oh, Mr. Seymour, Mr. Seymour! you may have the gift of *tongue*, (would that it were "unknown") the interpretation whereof is most exact: *Draw out the war but another year, and then—and then—!* Shall the politician, through his country's ruin, grasp his base success? Shall Mr. Seymour institute another New York riot? Will not the loyal army and the loyal people rebuke such paltering with the public safety, such recreancy to duty, such public blindness to the light?

The President has coughed his eyes. Praise God the operation may be successful; and when his devils again come forth from their tombs, may they see Jesus passing by, in the great events of the day, and driven forth into the swinish herd of malcontents, may they rush with them violently down steep projects of public opinion, and be lost in the waters of oblivion!—*Worcester Spy*.

THE SACKED HOUSE.

On the Sunday following the great riots in New York, Rev. O. B. Frothingham preached a sermon, in which he made the following reference to the sacking of the home of James S. Gibbons, Esq.:

"The dwelling was one, the like of which is rare in any city—a dwelling of happiness and peace—a home of the tenderest domestic affections—a house of large friendliness and hospitality—a refuge of the poor, a place of refuge for the unfortunate. There was no display of wealth there—there was no wealth to display; yet the house was full of things which no wealth could buy. It was crowded with mementoes. The pieces of furniture in the rooms had family histories connected with them; chairs and tables were precious from associations with noble and rare people who had lived there. Pictures on the walls, busts in the parlors, engravings, photographs, books, spoke, of the gratitude or love of some dear giver. One room was sacred to the memory of a noble boy, an only son, who died some years ago. There was his bed in marble, there were his books, and there, as if he were still, the little bits of art he was fond of, and all the dear things that seemed to bring him back. The whole house was a shrine and a sanctuary."

"And who were the inmates? The master, a man whose sympathies were always and completely with the oppressed people, a man of noble and boundless humanity. The mistress, a woman whose name is familiar to all doers of good deeds in the city of New York, and dear to hundreds of the objects of good deeds. To the orphan and friendless and poor, a mother; to the unfortunate, a sister; to the wretched, the depraved, the sinful, more than a friend. In the midst of her noble presence was the presence of an angel of pitying love; at Blackwell's Island, she was welcome as a spirit of peace and hope. The boys at Randall's Island looked into her face as the face of a mother. Again and again had she rescued from the life of shame the country woman, and the kindred of the very people who had plundered her house. For the better part of a year and more she has been in camp, and city hospitals, nursing her brothers and sons, performing every menial office. At this moment she is at Point Lookout, doing that work, amid discomforts and discouragements that would daunt a less resolute humanity. Here, giving all she has to the poor, to the wounded, crippled, bleeding and broken people; giving it for the sake of the people—giving it that the people may be raised to a higher social level! And she, forsooth, must be selected to have her house pillaged! She must be stabbed to her heart's core, and stab after stab, until every one of her affections, by these people for whom her life had been a perpetual process of giving! Why, if they had known this that I have been telling you, or but a tenth part of it, those men would have defended with their bodies every inch of the carpet, and they would have died in vain! Only the best names are ever taken in mob on human lips, and they are so taken because they are the best; and best is worst to those who cannot understand it."

Mr. Gibbons himself gives the following account of the ruin the mob left behind them:

"No person was in the house at the time of the assault. Seeing no appearance of the mob in the immediate vicinity, I had walked over to Broadway to get an evening paper. On my return homeward, about forty minutes after the assault, I found my house broken open, and fired in several places, and was already half sacked. I was in the hands of a thousand thieves. I passed in, and up stairs, to see whether anything could be done to clear them out, but found it impossible, and retired. The lower rooms and windows were all broken in, and all the interior rooms and closets doors, with two or three exceptions.

Every thing portable was carried off—beds, bedding, all the bureau drawers and the lighter bureau tables, and even the great pans, and, last, kitchen pots. Of twenty-five hundred volumes, the accumulation of thirty years, not a single book was left in the house. Of the furniture, that was too heavy to carry off, one small piece only was left unutilized by axes. Nearly all the glass and much of the ash work was destroyed. The stair bannisters and marble mantels were chopped down. All the gas fixtures were twisted off, and most of the water faucets. The Croton pipe was poured into the cellar, to cut off the water, that the fire might not be extinguished, and but for the neighbors, who, at the peril of life, brought in buckets from their own houses, the place would have been burned. A piano was broken into fragments, and even sliding doors from starvation, and it almost broke my heart that the haunts of thieves—up from the rat-hole of pollution,—up from the hiding-places of infamy,—came the horrid crew of Mr. Seymour's constituents; and when the raging, blood-thirsty mob stood before the land, smooth "gentleman" (?) with their imperious, insulting demands, what did sweet, kind, amiable Mr. Seymour do? Instead of answering those demands with an emphatic "No" from a cannon's mouth, he stood before his "reasonable constituency" "roaring as gently as any sucking dove." "I will endeavor to have this draft stopped!" "I will endeavor to cripple the Government, which oppresses so cruelly our dear Southern brethren!" "I will endeavor to bring into power the Democratic party, with a good sound copperhead!"—and so, looking across that gulf of death and destruction yawning before him to swallow up the defenceless, he sent his wretched army to pillage and plunder, to murder and destroy.

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The Liberator.

No Union with Slaveholders!

BOSTON, FRIDAY, AUGUST 21, 1863.

The Editor of the *Liberator* is absent from his post, endeavoring to obtain recreation, recuperation and inspiration from the ocean breeze near Plymouth Rock. Letters for his personal attention may be addressed to him, until the last of the month, at Plymouth, Mass.

JUSTICE AND HUMANITY TO SOLDIERS.

Most of the readers of the *Liberator* are probably aware that Dr. Henry I. Bowditch stands in the front rank of Boston physicians for medical skill, and also that he is unsurpassed in practical benevolence. About the middle of 1862, he, with other physicians, was summoned to Washington by the Secretary of War, for the purpose of consultation and suggestion in regard to the care of sick and wounded soldiers. In the explorations connected with this visit, he "was brought immediately in contact with the abominable system, or rather no system, of ambulances now in use in our army." Failing to observe the interest, or at least the action, of Government officers on the subject, on returning home, he brought it before the Boston Society for Medical Improvement, making minute statements of the fearful sufferings of wounded soldiers, not only of those who were left alone days and nights without care on the field of battle, but of those who, after being taken into ambulance wagons, were treated with brutal neglect and inhumanity by the drivers of those vehicles, many of whom were drunk, as well as otherwise utterly incompetent for the work intrusted to them. The important statements here made were published (Oct., 1862), in a Report made to the Surgeon General of Massachusetts. Dr. Bowditch has since published letters in various newspapers, and an admirable pamphlet, asking for consideration and action by the public, upon the same subject. And he returns to that subject in a letter to the *Boston Journal* of Tuesday, the 18th inst., entitled, "Have we an Ambulance System?"—in which he rehearses the present posture of affairs in relation to it in substance as follows:

On the 24th of February, 1863, Hon. Henry Wilson, Chairman of the U. S. Senate Committee on Military Affairs and the Militia, to whom was referred the bill "in relation to military hospitals and to organize an ambulance corps," after stating to the Senate that the Committee directed him to report it back, with a recommendation that it do not pass, continued thus:

"I will simply say, that this bill has passed the House of Representatives, and the Committee on Military Affairs have considered it with a great deal of care. There is great interest in the country in regard to it, but we think it is an impracticable measure to organize such a corps at this time."

Mr. Senator Sumner, the colleague of Mr. Wilson, on presenting a resolution in the Senate in regard to the need of an ambulance corps, said not one word in its favor; nor did he utter one word of protest in regard to the refusal of the Military Committee to consent to the admirable bill (so Mr. Bowditch judges it) which had just passed the House of Representatives. He represents, however, that he has used his influence privately in favor of the measure in question.

It will be noticed that while Mr. Sumner positively favored the formation of an effective ambulance corps, such as was contemplated in the bill above-mentioned, Mr. Wilson characterized it as "impracticable."

Four months after this, however, (namely, on the 7th of July last), Mr. Wilson stood before a Boston audience, and made, according to the *Journal's* report, the following remarkable assertions:

"Gen. Wilson alluded to the existing complaints in regard to the want of ambulances in the Federal Army. He said, we have an ambulance system the most perfect the world knows, and the fault for the want of it is a matter of administration to all those knowing anything about the facts. The army of the Potomac had, on the 24th, when it started from the Rappahannock, 1100 ambulance wagons, 2000 horses, and 3000 men attached. Every brigade in our army has 130 horses and 380 men; and this is more than can be found in any army in Europe. No drafted man need pay any attention to these reports as to the scarcity of ambulances, when our army has as many as 4000 ambulance wagons, 10,000 horses, and 12,000 men."

It is somewhat strange that so excellent an ambulance should be found to be in effective operation only four months after Mr. Wilson had declared the project of its formation to be "impracticable." But, passing by this, Dr. Bowditch applies himself to the question of fact, and asks—"How, where and by whom was this admirable system established?" He declares that it was certainly not established by Congress, which adjourned eight days after Mr. Wilson reported; and he has no reason to suppose it was established either by the Secretary of War or Gen. Halleck, neither of whom has been known to the public as particularly in favor of any system, and the latter of whom is reported to have bitterly opposed all action in the premises.

Dr. Bowditch declares the statement of Mr. Wilson (above) as to the complete and perfect condition of our ambulance system, to be "totally incorrect," and he states as follows (in substance) the method of formation of the miserably insufficient system that now exists:

It was commenced under the order of Gen. McClellan in August last, establishing in the army of the Potomac an ambulance corps of detailed soldiers. Since then, by the concurrent action of Quartermaster General Meigs and of Surgeon General Hammond, a system has been adopted to meet some of the absolute and necessary wants of the army. This system extends to other armies besides that of the Potomac, and is carried out according to the will of Division Commanders or Medical Inspectors. It will doubtless prevent much misery in the cases where these officers choose to do their duty. But Gen. McClellan himself has admitted the insufficiency of the system established by himself, and has declared, in a letter since written to Dr. Bowditch, that he "regards the formation of a well-organized ambulance corps as one of the great desiderata for our armies." Moreover, the unsatisfactory working of this system is affirmed by better authorities than Mr. Wilson, namely, those who were engaged in superintending its execution. These declare that the detailed soldiers worked badly in their new functions at Gettysburg; that the men, in many instances, were not available when needed; and that most of them went forward with the army when it moved, and to all intents and purposes were really lost as regards their specific uses. Of course, the full advantages belonging to an ambulance system cannot be obtained when the work is performed by soldiers temporarily detailed for this work, and not trained and drilled to its accurate performance. The skillful handling of wounded men taken from the field of battle to be transported to an ambulance while the fight is still raging, and the removal of them in that vehicle to a place of quiet and security, require quite as much rehearsal for adequate preparation as the ordinary duties of the soldier. Every consideration requires that a corps of men be specially instructed in and allotted to these duties, and that such corps be a permanent part of the organization of the army. Of course, this service will be full of danger while we contend against an enemy accustomed to fire on ambulances, surgeons, chaplains, and even on charitable women carrying water to the wounded; but, if our government shall ever be defending itself against a foreign foe—some civilized nation, not nursed amidst the barbarism of slavery—it may reasonably be expected that the uniform of the ambulance corps will give protection to the wearer, and that those whose profession it is to care for the wounded will meet none but accidental dangers, even on the battle-field.

The plan of Dr. Bowditch is to have Congress, early in its next session, pass a law directing the President to choose a Commission from his own military and medical staff, whose duty shall be forthwith to devise and report a plan that shall be as perfect as possible, with our present knowledge, and capable of being adapted to the gradual amelioration of the sufferings necessarily consequent upon every battle. He has drawn up a brief form of petition to Congress for this purpose, (hereafter appended,) and he wishes all friends of humanity, and all who have relatives or friends in the army, to copy and sign this petition, or such modified one as they may find preferable, procure the signatures of their neighbors to the same, and transmit it to their Senator or Representative in Congress at the opening of the next session.

Many persons, public and private, who should know quite as well as Mr. Wilson what is needed, sustain this course. The Surgeon General, in his official reports, sustains it. The Sanitary Commission speaks for it. Medical Inspectors and numerous private individuals have written to Dr. Bowditch, urging him to continue an effort so important to the interests of humanity, and present to the public the considerations which require it. He has resolved to devote his labors to this work, and will do what he can. But the whole community is interested in it, since every family has a son, a brother or a husband exposed to the very help here contemplated. If but half the persons personally interested sign and send the petition given below, the work will be done.

The organization of a suitable and sufficient ambulance corps, while needful for the whole army, and capable of making the difference between care and neglect (that is to say, between life and death), to any one of our wounded citizen soldiers, is especially needed for our colored soldiers. In a war waged against slaveholders and kidnappers, these men have special and fearful perils. If they fall wounded into the hands of the enemy, they are to be murdered on the field. If they are taken prisoners, they have worse than sudden death to fear from the revenge of their foe, whether he be the lordly slaveholder in command, or the brutal "mean white" of the rank and file. The arrangements of the government to insure protection to its colored troops, and a treatment conformable to the laws of civilized warfare for such of them as may be captured, are both tardy and insufficient. Full and ample protection, as far as declarations and arrangements of the Government can give it, is due to this portion of the U. S. army; but beyond this, it is the plainest dictate of sound policy to arouse and maintain an active enthusiasm in behalf of the North in the minds of the colored people. They should be made to feel that our cause is theirs, and that, in helping our war to a favorable conclusion, they are making the most speedy progress possible towards that liberty and equality which they seek for themselves. The movement now in question for an ambulance corps, for the means of guarding their lives from all beyond the ordinary exposures of war, and for giving them the help due to fellow-citizens and fellow-soldiers, will do much to encourage as well as to help them. And if the Government is tardy and remiss in providing this help, all the more should the people, the source of power, declare their will in the premises, and urge their official servants to prompt and thorough action.

Let the excellent suggestion of Dr. Bowditch be followed. Let Congress, from the commencement of the next session, be flooded with petitions like the one copied below. And that it may be so, let each one who reads the petition copy, sign and circulate it.—C. K. W.

FOR AN AMBULANCE AND HOSPITAL CORPS IN THE ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

To the Honorable Senate and House of Representatives, in Congress assembled:

The undersigned, of the State of _____, respectfully request your honorable body to pass a law providing for a uniform Ambulance and Hospital Corps for the armies of the United States.

DR. MASSIE AT THE TREMONT TEMPLE.

Rev. Dr. Massie, whose excellent discourse in Park Street Church was noticed in the *Liberator* two weeks ago, repeated that discourse in the Tremont Temple on Tuesday evening last. This gentleman is a delegate from four thousand English clergymen, and bears their Address to the clergy and churches of this country, urging the active interposition of these bodies in forwarding measures for the complete abolition of slavery. He is well fitted to perform this service, being earnest, eloquent and impressive as a speaker, having his heart strongly bent on the accomplishment of the proposed work, and having given assurance of his faithfulness by many years of active anti-slavery labor in his own country.

After Dr. Massie had finished his own very interesting statement, and read the Address sent by his English brethren, a reply to this Address (prepared by the Committee of nine which had been appointed at the close of the Park Street meeting) was read by Rev. Dr. Haven, and accepted, with a fervent and unanimous "Aye," by the audience. Its spirit was good, and its response to the friendly interposition of our English brethren was hearty and cordial, differing most creditably in these and other respects from the officiously volunteered reply presented by Rev. Dr. Kirk at the previous meeting.

Those members of churches who are favorable to this mission desired a repetition of Dr. Massie's discourse, as above, in the hope that the clergy and their congregations might give it a larger attendance than before. This hope, however, was not realized. There were but three clergymen (as far as the reporter knows) on the platform, and less than three hundred people in the house. The churches in general feel little or no interest in the subject. The "Young Men's Christian Association," with the friends of its members, would by themselves have sufficed to fill the house, if they had cared for the object of the meeting. Their well-known indifference to slavery is but the echo of that which prevails in the churches.

The audience on this occasion, though small, was appreciative, and gave frequent and vigorous applause to the energetic expressions of Dr. Massie against slavery, and to his assurances of the good-will felt towards our cause by a very large portion of the English people.—C. K. W.

THE WORK OF THE MOB.

The following from the *Hammond (Md.) Gazette* of the 31st ult.—a paper published by the inmates of Point Lookout Hospital—shows in a new light the brutality of the mob which recently held the city of New York at its mercy:

"It is with much regret that we announce this week the departure of Mrs. Gibbons, Miss Gibbons, and Miss Thomas, for their homes in New York. If indeed those ladies now have there, Mrs. Gibbons received information on Friday last that their dwelling in Lamartine Place had been completely gutted and sacked of everything in it by the scoundrel gang and the riots in that city. Mrs. Gibbons has been in this hospital since February last, and during that time has made many warm friends, not only of the patients, but also of those who have high in authority, and who have at different times borne testimony to her high appreciation of her many good qualities."

Thus, while loyal women are periling life and health, and abandoning ease and comfort, to minister to our sick and wounded soldiers in hospitals and camps, a brutal mob compensates them for their kindly acts by sacking and pillaging their homes.

Frederick Douglass is to accompany Adjutant General Thomas to the West, to assist in organizing colored regiments.

The commutation money paid by those drafted will amount, it is supposed, to some forty or fifty millions throughout the country.

THE TRIAL HOUR.

The Conscription Act is no respecter of persons. It is as impartial and thorough as the exigencies of the country and the desperate character of the rebellion permit. It knows no high, no low, no rich, no poor; nor does it make any provision for conscientious scruples against bearing arms. Peace men and non-resistants, therefore, are called to meet it as best they may. On our last page, we give a letter from our highly esteemed Quaker friend, ALFRED H. LOVE, of Philadelphia, in which he frankly states why he cannot comply with either of the alternatives allowed by this Act, but must meekly submit to whatever penalty may be inflicted upon him. We honor him for his fidelity to his highest convictions of duty, and for the excellent spirit which he evinces; but we do not regard the payment of \$300 in the same light he does.

In the absence of the writer of the following letter (which explains itself), we venture to publish it, as presenting the views of another equally conscientious Non-Resistant on the same subject—

Boston, July 10, 1863.

Sir—When an able-bodied man like myself, with no restraints of family or business, is called upon by his country to help save her, to help with himself, from destruction, she has a right to ask why he denies her his body, and in place of a substitute contents himself with the prescribed payment of money.

Allow me, then, as briefly as may be, to explain my position with regard to the Government and the War. The doctrine of the inviolability of human life, which I accept, will probably forever debar me from casting a ballot, as it certainly will from using a musket. I can never take office nor create an officer under any human government now existing on the face of the earth, for each rests ultimately upon the appeal to violence and the rule of might. But I live at this stage of the progress of mankind in which governments are a necessity—the indispensable aids to a better condition of individual self-government hereafter. Moreover, if I would, I could not escape the dominion of human authority and human laws. What, then, is my duty? It is, first, to practise those principles of truth and justice which form the basis of social order and of all right government. Second, by example and precept to strive to effect that alteration of public sentiment which precedes the amelioration of the laws. Third, to bear patiently the penalties for non-conformity to unjust or unenlightened enactments. For, in spite of the excellence of our republican form of government, neither in its theory nor in its practice is conscience exempted from penalties and pains.

Now when in time of peace the government demands of me pecuniary support in the shape of a tax, I doubt if the amount in question would ever compare with the undeniable advantages which I have derived from that system by the mere fact of living under it. Scarcely could my tax repay the blessings of education alone, not to speak of the thousand and one particulars of civil and social economy wherein the organized action of the State is invaluable for health and happiness. Yet for all that, it may be true that the trifling tribute exacted is augmented by governmental patronage of an institution at which my conscience revolts. The money, in itself considered, is nothing; the principle which it is required to sanction is of the utmost consequence. To so much of my tax, then, as is imposed for the army and navy, I, as a disbeliever in both, must necessarily object and offer protest. But I am one, while the government (or, what is the same thing, the nation) is millions, and I must submit to a superior force. Against my consent and control, I am deprived of that which voluntarily I could not give. The responsibility of this transaction, and of the uses to which my property thus taken is applied, belongs to the government, and not to me.

To-day, the nation is at war and in need of men. It is not enough for me to reflect that no juster war was ever undertaken by any community. I will not take the life of a fellow-being (however infamous) to save my own, cannot so save others from a like of destruction. Selected impartially by lot for the office of a soldier, I am in conscience prevented from obeying the summons. What I cannot do myself, I cannot do by another, and can therefore hire no substitute. Had the government stopped here, I must have borne whatever penalty it might have chosen to inflict. But it said: "Either serve yourself, or procure another, or I shall exact of you three hundred dollars." Of these alternatives, only the last absolutes me from a violation of my principles. Again I yield before a superior force.

The value of a protest depends much upon the spirit in which it is made, and much upon the time at which it is presented. As a citizen and a man, I am anxious that, at so momentous a crisis in the nation's existence, I should not be accused of indifference or cowardice. For if I were persuaded of the rightfulness of self-defence at any hazard to the assailant, my sword had long since been unsheathed or my musket leveled in the service of the republic. I should have rushed to a war which is to extinguish the greater war which gave it birth. The cause of liberty and of national unity is as dear to me as to any American; and in that cause I shall ever labor, though it may not be upon the field of battle. The principles which I advocate are the moral adversaries of oppression, and their universal adoption would leave no room for the disorders which now rack our country and the world. So earnest is my desire for the complete triumph of the government over the present impotent rebellion, that I waive the protest which might be evoked by the disregard of my conscience. I do not wish to be identified with those who cry Peace, and mean Rebellion; they are my enemies as well as the nation's. I enclose three hundred dollars, and part with them without a struggle. I do not blame the government because it cannot do better by me in this emergency, nor open a loophole for conscience through which hypocrisy might crawl.

Yours for the suppression of the slaveholders' rebellion, and the overthrow of its cause.

W. P. G.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Joshua P. Mendum, at the office of the Boston Investigator, has just published—

"VOLNEY'S RUINS: OR, MEDITATIONS ON THE REVOLUTIONS OF EMPIRES. Translated, under the immediate inspection of the Author, from the latest Paris edition: with his Notes and Illustrations. To which are added, THE LAW OF NATURE, and a short BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE, by Count D'ARV."—

Mr. Mendum has also published—

"HISTORY OF ALL CHRISTIAN SECTS AND DOCTRINES; their origin, peculiar tenets, and present condition; with an Introductory Account of Atheists, Deists, Jews, Mahomedans, Pagans, &c.; by John Evans, LL.D. From the fifteenth London edition, revised and enlarged; with the addition of the most recent statistics relating to religious sects in the United States. By the American

Poetry.

NEW VOICES FROM THE CROWD.

NATIONAL SONGS.

Rewritten for the South and English Southerners, by Charles Mackay.

I.

When Davis first, at bell's commands,
Dug, for a million, bloody graves,
This was the charter of his land,
And women-whippers sang the states:

Rule, slave-sellers,

Whoever at you raves,
Southerners ever, ever will whip slaves.

The nation not so best as we,
Must tell their daughters not at all,
Breeds of selling labels to be
To any brutes to whom they fall;

Rule, girl-sellers,

Whoever at you raves,
Southerners ever, ever will whip slaves.

Still more atrocious will we rise
The more all justice we defy,
The more black souls we brutalize,
And call all right and God a lie;

Rule, Jeff Davis,

Whoever at you raves,
Southerners ever, ever will whip slaves.

U, God nor man shall ever shame;
All their attempts to put chains down,
Shall make us think man-hunting fane,
And hold wife-lashing our renown.

Rule, wife-whippers,

Whoever at you raves,
Southerners ever, ever will whip slaves.

To us belongs the right to burn
The man who dares a man to be,
The man who dares to chains to spurn,
And he, as God would have him, free;

Rule, girl-whippers,

Whoever at you raves,
Southerners ever, ever will whip slaves.

All vice still with slavery found,
Shall to our cursed homes repair;
Last—cruelly shall there abound;
Torture and murder shall be there;

Rule, child-sellers,

Whoever at you raves,
Southerners ever, ever will whip slaves.

And while both heaven and earth abhor
Our new-born rule that shames the day,
We'll bow to all they hate the more,
And women's backs their taunts shall pay;

Rule, girl-whippers,

Whoever at you raves,
Southerners ever, ever will whip slaves.

II.

SCOTS WHA HAE.

DAVIS'S ADDRESS.

Men who have your daughters sold,
Men whose sons have brought you gold,
For your trade in flesh be bold!
On in chains and slavery!

See the day, and now the hour;
Now the front of battle looms;
See approach cursed freedom's power;
Down with all but slavery!

Who'd not be a Southern knave,
Who'd not fill a traitor's grave,
Who'd not own and lash a slave,
Yankee, let him turn and flee!

Who for hell, our rights and law,
Slavery's sword will strongly draw,
Woman-whipper, stand or fall,
Brother, let him on with me!

By oppression's woes and pains,
By our sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall—'they shall be free!

Lay the vile men-freers low;
Freemen fall in every foe,
Slavery's in every blow,
Forward! let us do or die!

Rebuck hugs us to his heart!
Tories loke to take our part!
Well their Clarkson's ghost may start!
Wilberforce must howl on high!

All the three-cursed crew who rank,
Freedom's friends, no longer can;
Cotton—'till all they want;
That, and up with slavery!

On! that millions yet may groan!
Build your South on wrongs alone;
Slavery's its corner-stone;
On! "Our Chains!" our battle-cry.

Blackheath, (Eng.) W. C. DENNETT.

OF AMERICA.

TO CHARLES MACKAY.

Late Progress Post, now "Times" Correspondent from America.

I praise your Jackson and your South!
No, I've no taste at all that way;
Those words are not sweet in my mouth,
Though dear to you, you know, you say;

A trick of speech I've somehow caught
From Wilberforce—Clarkson's graves;
I can't hate freedom as I ought,
Or love your barterers of slaves;

In fact, if I the truth must tell,
I think your Jackson and his crew
Accursed of God, are fit for hell,
Though they may fight, and conquer too.

Time was when England nobly rose,
And grandly told of man's rights;
Slavery and wrong, her ancient foes,
In these, you say, she now delights.

Her voice that once so sternly spoke,
And, speaking, smote slave-fetters off,
That antique utterance is her joke,
A grand-dame's tale, at which you scoff.

Your "Times" has taught us to say that,
That years must change, and so must thought;
Your "you" your own will of today—
Ah! out for rights, not fetters, fought.

Clasp you the hands that wield the whip!
Press you the palms that rivet chains!
My curse will through my chum's teeth slip,
I'll brand your heroes all as Cain.

For cotton, and, through envy, sell,
Your nobler notions if you can;
I will not, and I hold it well,
I loathe these men who deal in man.

Scot, seer, or jet; let him who likes
Praise of their courage and their worth,
Right and not might may rule the earth,
Though might might rule the earth.

At times God, for his own good will,
Gives hell, or men and nations, rule;
But Right, though crushed, it holds Right still,
Though worldly-wise ones call it fool.

Brute force has Cossack nations down,
Yet Cossacks I do not adore;
Then Poland's Raskins—may, don't frown,
I do not love your Jacksons more.

No—Cavaliers that women sell,
To their great nobleness I'm blind;
Heroes who cash their children—well,
They're not exactly to my mind.

On's flesh and blood, you know, are here
Dead to one, not so current gold;
I would not be a Cavalier,
By whom his son or daughter's sold;

Care those who sell their blood to lust,
Their very flesh to stripes and toll;
I spit at such—the thought, I trust,
Of such should make my blood to boil.

The very meanness thing I see,
A cringing beggar wailing here,

Rather a thousand times I'd be,
Than a girl-selling Cavalier.

God wills, and darkly works His will,
His wisdom's hidden from our eyes,
Yet my faith rests upon Him still;
To judge and scourge He will arise.

Wrong seems to conquer often—Right
Seems to be conquered—'till what and wait;
The years bring seeing to our sight,
Truth's triumph seems, soon or late.

Therefore success I seem to see,
Makes me not in the evil trust,
Nor seems its triumph sure to me—
Rather its failure: God is just.

Blackheath, (Eng.) W. C. DENNETT.

The Liberator.

DRAFTED!

PHILADELPHIA, 8th mo. 8th, 1863.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON:
ESTEEMED FRIEND—I have not received my Liberator for last week. Please send a copy.

As I have pen in hand, let me inform you that I have been handed the formal and legal notification of my having been drafted for service in the army of the United States. What response have I to make? I, so full of loyalty and patriotism that I know not where the limit is to country, or the end of affection for mankind, and for whose sake I would cheerfully yield my life. Feeling that I was a conscript the very day I was born—a conscript to serve in the army of the Higher Power—I have but one answer to make—Dear country, and good friends all—I cannot serve two masters. My first allegiance is to God. He claims me first and last. My country claims me always, in every moral cause and cause. May I not now unnecessarily embarrass the execution of the law? I regret being drafted, for the single reason that I fear I may add to the complications of our Government, already painfully encompassed with trials which I would gladly lessen, rather than increase. But I must humbly say—my obligations to our Heavenly Father, the dictates of my conscience, and the sacred love I feel for my country and my countrymen, leave me no room for hesitation as to duty.

I am, therefore, constrained to declare that I cannot take up arms, and enter your service in a warlike capacity, under any circumstances whatever; because I have ever held throughout my life, that all wars and fighting are wrong. And while I am the farthest from reflecting upon our Government, or upon any loyal man who feels it right to accept the sword in the present emergency, with the high blessings they anticipate must result in doing so,—for under the war power they feel they can act differently,—and while my very heart runs not over with the fullest sympathy for the cause of right, justice, freedom and humanity, and cannot but regard the late conscription act as wonderfully wise and humane, wanting, however, in that first and highest respect, protection to conscience—I cannot for a moment sever from the divine principle of Non-Resistance. I cannot comply with the provision to furnish a substitute, because I hold it wrong to ask a brother to do for us that which we will not do for ourselves. Were I to do so, I should feel myself accessory to the crime of murder, or of an intent to kill, or of "returning evil for evil."

I cannot comply with the provision to pay \$300, or even the hundredth part thereof, as a commutation fee; for it would be betraying my conscience, and purchasing an "indulgence" for the divine right of my enjoyment. It would be giving the means with which to buy flesh and blood to take my place, and thus to be the deepest hypocrite.

At the same time, I make no resistance to the "powers that be," but stand unflinchingly for these pure principles, for the sake of others who bear the same testimony. I shall present myself at the required time, which has been marked for the 14th inst., for a special hearing. If I am found fit for military duty, I shall charitably and prayerfully submit to any sacrifices or penalties that may be deserved or demanded, excepting only the sacrifice of those Christ-like principles which I value more than life itself.

I met our friend Robert Purvis, this morning, and he thinks I will have to bear the Non-Resistant banner alone. No! No! Indeed, I hope not. I am already strengthened by the firmness of Friends in North Carolina, which I heard of several weeks ago, as follows:—

"The leading particulars of one of the most remarkable events of this war have just been communicated to me. You know that many of the Society of Friends have long resided in North Carolina, and that a fundamental article of their faith is a refusal to take up arms under any circumstances whatever. In the early stages of the rebellion, the rebel powers of North Carolina, well knowing their peaceful principles, permitted them to pass unmolested, though known to be unconditional Union men. But as time went on, disaster to the rebellion seemed to disaster; men were captured, killed, or disabled, so to fearful an extent, that every one out of the army must be brought into the ranks."

Early this year, the conscription fell upon the Friends. In one neighborhood, some twelve of them were drafted. In accordance with their well-known principles, they refused to join the army. But everywhere the reign of terror prevailed, and they were forced into the ranks. Here muskets were given to them, but every man of them refused even to touch the weapons. Every conceivable insult and outrage was heaped upon them; they were tied up, starved, and whipped. Still they remained firm to their conscientious convictions, and refused to fight. Finally, the muskets were absolutely strapped to their bodies.

One of these Friends was singled out as especially obnoxious, and was whipped unmercifully. The officer in charge was lawless and brutal, and on one occasion ordered him to be shot, as an example to others. He called out a file of men to shoot him. While his executioners were drawn up before him, standing within twelve feet of his victim, the latter, raising his eyes to heaven, and elevating his hands, cried out in a loud voice: "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." Instantly came the order to fire. But instead of obeying it, the men dropped their muskets and refused, declaring that they could not kill such a man.

This refusal so enraged the officer that he knocked his victim down in the road, and then strove repeatedly to trample him to death under his horse's feet. But the animal persistently refused to even step over his prostrate body. In the end, they were marched with the rebel army to Gettysburg.

There, they remained entirely passive, fired no shot, and in God alone trusted for preservation. Very early in the action, the officer referred to was killed. The Friends, all unhurt, were taken prisoners, and sent to Fort Delaware. Here, by accident, it became known in this city that several Friends were among the captured, and two members of the Society went down to inquire into the circumstances, but they were refused permission to see them. They were immediately taken to Washington, and there obtained an order for their discharge, conditioned on their taking an affirmation of their allegiance. This opened the prison door. The affirmation made, these martyrs for conscience sake were released, and are now here."

My testimony has gone before our Provost Marshal, and been treated with entire respect—indeed, all will be who stand firm for principle. I know not the verdict. Let the light of the nineteenth century, and the hope for a pure, perfect and united country, answer.

I have a word of encouragement for all. Many true non-resistants here seek counsel; and while I repudiate any assumed conscientious scruples, I have the highest regard for those who sustain them in this trial-hour.

THE LIBERATOR.

AUGUST 21.

I have had offers of substitutes and money, which I decline. One colored man came to me, and said, "I know you as a true anti-slavery man, and one who will not fight. I come to offer you a substitute. If you object to a black man, I will find you a man as white as you are, though from the South." Noble indeed! This is a sample of the race. I regret their salvation has to come, or seems to come, through war. They are a docile and patient people, and possess the finest moral susceptibilities, often surpassing the Anglo-Saxon race. Their natural impulses are adverse to war, and we should pause ere we undermine their spiritual manifestations of right. They may now accept war as the price of their freedom, and this will be proper sense; that is, in the property sense, as legalized and guaranteed, since the Federal Government has withdrawn the constitutional guarantees, forfeited by rebellion, and the slave States have lost the law-making power. We are done with property in man; forever done with this "wild and guilty fantasy." American slavery has no future. For two years we have been witnessing its dying struggles. "Hit by the archers," it dies hard, but it must; its last agonies are upon it. Thank God, we live to see them. Thank God, that over its convulsions we may speak of its four millions of things as freed people. We love the name; we spread it broadcast over the late chattels; we rejoice that we may sprinkle all and each of the new-born humans with the waters of this baptism of liberty. Thanks, ten thousand thanks, for the privilege of offering at this ceremonial, the authority of Him who "shall sprinkle many nations."

As freed people, they have a future. While slaves, they had no prospects, no hopes, no inheritance, no posterity—were not a people. Freedom makes them men, sets them in families, raises them into a people, invests them with rights, starts them on a career, pledges them a future. We may confidently speak of the future of the freed people. It is no Utopia, no illusion of castles in cloud-land, no mirage of the desert; it is a predestined reality, a predicted prospect. While it has strong attractions as a problem in ethnology, it has stronger claims as a question of humanity. It lays us all under obligations to further the freed man on his destiny. It involves on your part and on mine the personal inquiry, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" Certainly, those who have long labored for emancipation cannot see the shackles falling off, without desiring that they may have some part in uplifting the ransomed people to the plane of a worthy manhood.

But, in order that the efforts to be put forth in this direction may be in the highest degree effectual, the aim must be adequate: there must be an intelligent apprehension of what God has in store for this wronged class, also of what they are capable of attaining, and of what a great nation like ours, when penitent and resolved on works meet for repentance, can accomplish for those it has so deeply injured. Even the tried friends of the oppressed may fall in the new duties freedom calls them to, by falling short in their estimate of what a gracious Providence has prepared for the people in their new estate. It is essential that we first decay the former man's destiny; that we credit and accept the glorious things God has in reserve for his lowly children.

Our inquiry relates to the consummate future; that in which all helping providences and furthering processes are to culminate; the ultimate future of the freed people. This implies an intermediate future, devoted to discipline, to training, to patient ministries of Christian helpers, with large outlays of money, and contrivance of moral machinery for elevating minds deep sunken, like scuttled ships. This intermediate stage must be protracted, and will be thronged with hindrances which will try the faith of philanthropists, and call out the boding of negro-hating prophets.

To strike off the chains of chattelism may be the fiat of a President on a New-Year's day; but to change chattels, brutalized by ages of bondage, barter, and barbarity, into civilized and cultivated citizens; to bring outcasts from the pale of humanity into the family of man; to draw forth into fruitful capabilities a disordered branch of the human tree; to set a crushed people on their feet, and project them on the path of progress, and advance them to the up-level of their possibilities, will be the task of more than one generation. But it will be a task fit for free men, and becoming Christians. Time spent in forwarding a neglected race to higher grades is well spent. In an upward movement of minds, "a thousand years are but as a day;" in retrograde marches, "a day is as a thousand years."

When Virgil sang:

Facile descensus Avernus:
Sed revocare gradum superasque evadere ardas,
Hoc opus, huius labor est;

he spoke the truth in the sense intended. Easy, indeed, is downward motion to those who are under natural law, whether physical or moral; and to ascend is arduous, being against natural forces and native tendencies. But to an aspiring mind there is delight in mounting up; there is pleasure in overcoming resistance, labor is light; while ease is ignoble, and sinking odious. It is the broad way that leadeth to destruction which is difficult to a spiritual man, nay, impracticable; he goes with songs in the straight, steep path heavenward. To his eye the days of youth, given to debasing pleasures, are as a long life-time; while fourscore and ten years, spent in climbing the heights of virtue, seem as golden hours.

The homeward journey of the penitent prodigal, all wasted and weak, was physically slow-paced compared with his rush away, when passion threw the rein on the neck of appetite, and spurred the strong animal on; but in his right mind meditating confession and submission, the return to his father's house was easily and quickly accomplished. It is the way of transgression that the Scriptures pronounce hard; it is the ways of wisdom that are said to be ways of pleasantness. Let us not talk of difficulties, delays, discouragements, of likeless years of generation succeeding generation in the tardy advance of the freed people. It is the past that has dragged its slow length along, while the enslaved have been sinking deeper in the horrible pit. Tedious as a century have been the last thirty years, during which anti-slavery reformers have preached immediate emancipation, crying daily as the dull hours have lingered, and the mills of the gods have ground so slow—crying daily, as they have died on the adamantine chain, "O, Lord, how long!"

But now that the era of progress has come, we will not think despondingly of the arduous exertions and the imperceptible movement. We will not count the slow-revolving seasons, nor complain that to us has been set the task of rolling the huge stone of this gravitating mass up the high hill. We will not impatiently reek "the time, and times, and half a time," during which the persecuted woman, flying on the wings of a great eagle, from the face of the serpent, to her place of refuge in the wilderness, shall be nourished there, and prepared for her final place in the society of Christianized peoples. No! rather let us, with hope's present eye, look beyond the intermediate future to the ultimate future of the freed people; as, with much less basis of encouragement, we are accustomed, in youth, to beguile the years of painful discipline by forecasting the period of mature manhood.

"THE RELIGIOUS DEMANDS OF THE AGE," a small pamphlet published by Walker, Wise & Co., Boston, (James Miller, New York,) is the reprint of Miss Cobbe's Preface to the collected works of Theodore Parker, now in course of publication in London. Miss Cobbe evinces a thorough appreciation of the qualities of Mr. Parker's mind, and of the work he set himself to do. Her analysis of his character will be read with extreme interest by the friends and admirers who cherish his memory.

A COLORED MAN KILLED.—The Providence Journal says: "Charles Savage, a colored man, who was for some time engineer of tug boats on our river, died in Boston recently from the effect of blows on the head, inflicted by some ruffian on Sunday of last week."

Captain Stowe, son of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, wounded at Gettysburg, is now at home in Andover, slowly recovering.

has dropped forever scrip and sceptre from her nervous grasp.

We stand at the dawn of a new era. We may now speak of the freed people, and forecast their hopeful horoscope. We may now, not prematurely, reckon all the slaves of the South as virtually free. As we have hitherto properly included among the enslaved all who were on the middle passage from Guinea to the Gulf, so may we now truthfully comprehend among the freed people the millions who are passing from chattelism to manhood on our iron-clads and gun-carriages. It is in this wide scope that we employ the term. We consider that slavery is, constructively, extinct; that there are no slaves in the proper sense; that is, in the property sense, as legalized and guaranteed, since the Federal Government has withdrawn the constitutional guarantees, forfeited by rebellion, and the slave States have lost the law-making power. We are done with property in man; forever done with this "wild and guilty fantasy." American slavery has no future. For two years we have been witnessing its dying struggles. "Hit by the archers," it dies hard, but it must; its last agonies are upon it. Thank God, we live to see them. Thank God, that over its convulsions we may speak of its four millions of things as freed people. We love the name; we spread it broadcast over the late chattels; we rejoice that we may sprinkle all and each of the new-born humans with the waters of this baptism of liberty. Thanks, ten thousand thanks, for the privilege of offering at this ceremonial, the authority of Him who "shall sprinkle many nations."

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But, in order that the efforts to be put forth in this direction may be in the highest degree effectual, the aim must be adequate: there must be an intelligent apprehension of what God has in store for this wronged class, also of what they are capable of attaining, and of what a great nation like ours, when penitent and resolved on works meet for repentance, can accomplish for those it has so deeply injured. Even the tried friends of the oppressed may fall in the new duties freedom calls them to, by falling short in their estimate of what a gracious Providence has prepared for the people in their new estate. It is essential that we first decay the former man's destiny; that we credit and accept the glorious things God has in reserve for his lowly children.

Our inquiry relates to the consummate future; that in which all helping providences and furthering processes are to culminate; the ultimate future of the freed people. This implies an intermediate future, devoted to discipline, to training, to patient ministries of Christian helpers, with large outlays of money, and contrivance of moral machinery for elevating minds deep sunken, like scuttled ships. This intermediate stage must be protracted, and will be thronged with hindrances which will try the faith of philanthropists, and call out the boding of negro-hating prophets.

To strike off the chains of chattelism may be the fiat of a President on a New-Year's day; but to change chattels, brutalized by ages of bondage, barter, and barbarity, into civilized and cultivated citizens; to bring outcasts from the pale of humanity into the family of man; to draw forth into fruitful capabilities a disordered branch of the human tree; to set a crushed people on their feet, and project them on the path of progress, and advance them to the up-level of their possibilities, will be the task of more than one generation. But it will be a task fit for free men, and becoming Christians. Time spent in forwarding a neglected race to higher grades is well spent. In an upward movement of minds, "a thousand years are but as a day;" in retrograde marches, "a day is as a thousand years."

When Virgil sang:

Facile descensus Avernus:
Sed revocare gradum superasque evadere ardas,
Hoc opus, huius labor est;

he spoke the truth in the sense intended. Easy, indeed, is downward motion to those who are under natural law, whether physical or moral; and to ascend is arduous, being against natural forces and native tendencies. But to an aspiring mind there is delight in mounting up; there is pleasure in overcoming resistance, labor is light; while ease is ignoble, and sinking odious. It is the broad way that leadeth to destruction which is difficult to a spiritual man, nay, impracticable; he goes with songs in the straight, steep path heavenward. To his eye the days of youth, given to debasing pleasures, are as a long life-time; while fourscore and ten years, spent in climbing the heights of virtue, seem as golden hours.

The homeward journey of the penitent prodigal, all wasted and weak, was physically slow-paced compared with his rush away, when passion threw the rein on the neck of appetite, and spurred the strong animal on; but in his right mind meditating confession and submission, the return to his father's house was easily and quickly accomplished. It is the way of transgression that the Scriptures pronounce hard; it is the ways of wisdom that are said to be ways of pleasantness. Let us not talk of difficulties, delays, discouragements, of likeless years of generation succeeding generation in the tardy advance of the freed people. It is the past that has dragged its slow length along, while the enslaved have been sinking deeper in the horrible pit. Tedious as a century have been the last thirty years, during which anti-slavery reformers have preached immediate emancipation, crying daily as the dull hours have lingered, and the mills of the gods have ground so slow—crying daily, as they have died on the adamantine chain, "O, Lord, how long!"

But now that the era of progress has come, we will not think despondingly of the arduous exertions and the imperceptible movement. We will not count the slow-revolving seasons, nor complain that to us has been set the task of rolling the huge stone of this gravitating mass up the high hill. We will not impatiently reek "the time, and times, and half a time," during which the persecuted woman, flying on the wings of a great eagle, from the face of the serpent, to her place of refuge in the wilderness, shall be nourished there, and prepared for her final place in the society of Christianized peoples. No! rather let us, with hope's present eye, look beyond the intermediate future to the ultimate future of the freed people; as, with much less basis of encouragement, we are accustomed, in youth, to beguile the years of painful discipline by forecasting the period of mature manhood.

"THE RELIGIOUS DEMANDS OF THE AGE," a small pamphlet published by Walker, Wise & Co., Boston, (James Miller, New York,) is the reprint of Miss Cobbe's Preface to the collected works of Theodore Parker, now in course of publication in London. Miss Cobbe evinces a thorough appreciation of the qualities of Mr. Parker's mind, and of the work he set himself to do. Her analysis of his character will be read with extreme interest by the friends and admirers who cherish his memory.

A COLORED MAN KILLED.—The Providence Journal says: "Charles Savage, a colored man, who was for some time engineer of tug boats on our river, died in Boston recently from the effect of blows on the head, inflicted by some ruffian on Sunday of last week."

Captain Stowe, son of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, wounded at Gettysburg, is now at home in Andover, slowly recovering.

A TRIBUTE TO COLONEL ROBERT G. SHAW.

BY MRS. CHILD.

My heart is full of sorrow and sympathy, which seek expression. From the beginning of the war, I have watched the course of Colonel Robert G. Shaw with intense and peculiar interest; for I knew his character abounded in those noble and excellent qualities of which the country and the times stand so much in need; and always I have feared that he might be cut off in the morning of his beautiful life.

Then that Fifty-fourth Regiment, offering their lives with such cheerful bravery to achieve the freedom of their cruelly-oppressed race! It only their lives had been sacrificed, we should have been sad, but exultant withal; for this existence is brief at best, and self-sacrifice is holy and immortal. But to those brave, devoted men, after the exhaustion by hunger, fatigue, and the hard labors of battle, sent to Charleston, to be insulted and tortured by ferocious tyrants, and then sold into slavery! Father of Mercies! how this thought agonizes just and humane souls!

As for the mean, vindictive answer to the request for the body of their brave young Colonel, it will produce the effect that all such manifestations do. It will impress more deeply than ever upon the minds of the people how infernal the spirit of slavery is. To the pure and heroic soul which had just parted from that beautiful body, it could do no harm; and his immediate family have principles which will lift them above the possibility of feeling degraded by suffering with, and dying with, and being buried with God's despised and persecuted poor. They will not forget the words: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me."

I was thinking this, as I walked homeward after reading the daily news. I reflected how every inch of freedom had been won for the human race by the sacrifice of thousands of precious lives. There passed before me a long procession of men.

"For God, for Truth, for Freedom's sake,
Content the bitter cup to take,
And silently, in fearless faith,
Bowing their noble souls to death."

I remembered how despondent had always delighted to make their martyrdom look mean and low, how many signal instances the effort had failed. When priests and centuries crucified Jesus between thieves, they satisfied the arrogance and prejudice of his day, and thought they had effectually disgraced him. But instead thereof, they handed themselves down to everlasting disgrace; while the cross, which they regarded with such proud contempt, floats through the world's history transfigured with holy life.

I was pondering these thoughts so deeply that I started involuntarily as my eyes turned toward the setting sun. A dark cloud rested on the horizon, and downward through it descended a narrow line of intensely brilliant sunlight, precisely in the form of an S. When we are overwhelmed with such a great sorrow, I suppose, we are all more or less inclined to be superstitious; for at such moments the soul, in its utter helplessness, looks tremblingly beyond this dark vale of shadows, and implores some light from Heaven. The splendid vision was soon vanishing, and sinking behind a veil of mist. But while it lasted, it lifted my soul out of its deep despondency; for it seemed as if the dark gate through which that lovely young soul had passed had been transiently left ajar, and I had caught a glimpse of the immortal glory into which he had entered.

Our state of feeling was not soon forgotten. I was regenerated, for you are probably aware how much the cause of freedom owes to several members of the Shaw family; and that, too, at a time when anti-slavery was not beginning to be respectable, as it now is, but when no wealth or standing could protect its advocates from the neglect and sarcasm of society. The money they gave so liberally to the smallest portion of the aid they afforded. With moral courage beyond all praise, they stood side by side with a despised band of reformers against the world of wealth and fashion to which they by position belonged; and the crowning beauty of all was that it was done simply and naturally, without the slightest indication of conscious merit.

The capacity to do this, I think, they derived, by the blessing of God, from the founder of the family, Robert G. Shaw, the best of the "merchant princes" of Boston. When I say that he was a thoroughly honest man, I do not mean to limit the significance of the terms to his relation with dollars and cents. He had an honest motive, which pervaded all he did and thought. He never exposed the anti-slavery cause, perhaps from habitual prudence, perhaps because he was getting too old to throw himself into new agitations. But it needed no great insight to conjecture that such a man, thought of a system that robbed poor laborers of their wages, and added thereto the blasphemy of calling itself an ordination of Providence. A short time before his death he said to Colonel Shaw, and another grandson who was present, then mere lads, "My children, I am leaving the stage of action, and you are entering upon it. I exhort you to use your example and influence against intemperance and slavery. As the last great change approached, he seemed dreamily to pass into a land of vision, and his lips murmured words of recognition to departed friends and relatives, as if he already saw them in the spirit world.

One of these murmuring recognitions indicated the sympathy of his great, good heart. "Ah," said he, "there is an honest negro just come into the world. He has been a slave. Poor fellow! how much he has suffered!"

If some of his children inherited from him the qualities which prompted them to espouse an unpopular cause, and to stand by it steadfastly, for righteousness sake, it is likely that he, on his early part, had his own honest convictions deepened by their open and uniform testimony. Doubtless the state of mind revealed in these last hours may be partly traced to the influence of a noble son and two noble daughters.

I have before me now a vision of one of those states of mind which I have just described. I have before me a picture of a noble man, who, in his